FARM HUBBUB

They will always be building
buildings.
That time in the good mountains I
spent,
flea markets we went to,
their appetizer, chintz.
Salvageable mutts.

Anyway, that’s what it means.
Don’t get all pushed out of shape,
and there she was! Their new
technique designed
to stop us, or at least infringe

in some tilapia joint.
Porcelain tools make it alright.
No use, it’s fighting again. The
great collapsible
retro.

STUPID PETALS

Remark the comparative zip and
panache
of those beautiful hammerhead
sharks.
Farther down we get into reptiles,
the “bucket of mud club.”

I don’t even know if there was a
Klondike Scotty.
Lamassu, a protective deity
sketched by Gutzon Borglum,
intervened,
twice. And you could ... one of the
top—

Our weatherologist is here.

You’re talking to myself—
a slave never forgets its name.
I can put it off right now, summon
your blasphemous magician
friend.

So he’s not thirty-eight yet.
Sure, Mario had a dentist
appointment.
So’s your old man run weapons
through your eyes.
I wanted to read that book, close
the circus.
We don’t speak to John again
and there’s a lot of them.

Like other millennials I could get
you a line.
I wish I had been there!
Days you want to be careful,
you still have to live here.
Shopping wasn’t safe. OMG. A
Fortuny
slick, basking on uninterested
waters,
turns to leave. But it’s not over.

THEREAT

Kiss me. I'm sick.
TODD COLBY, "Friday and Baffled"

Nothing wrong with you, just
get me arrested,
because when you haven't seen
    someone, nights become very
    respectful.
Hers were not usually submitted
    to
in our living room.
Just rub your hands there.

Fie, Cagliostro!
We circled down, rules are honey.
Is that a blackwatch,
a noticeable gift
to the hall where too much happens?
You are the whole in your tight truths.
You need all 27 of ’em.
Convenient here last night,
the lemon on the archduke ...
What is he, a fuzzy, jumping old man?
Exact living requires that you talk to but don’t even touch me.
Professional raiders interpret all of it.
When do they turn them over?

Quiet and adversarial at once,
a lifeless man, they say.
Onward to Christian bathrooms,
weak continuity, wok celerity or celebrity.
Good lurk. You’ll look back on heavy rain and think
you were kept from enjoying us and thrusting.

Let the birds run with the trees!
A beautiful day and
marine historians
complained we’re all safe, from
there on in,
of innocent people’s headaches.
Once stapled correctly to your
uncle,
scones are seduced.
Forget any mistranslations,
miscommunications. The past
loves you, baby.
Go sandpaper a horse.

ELEVENTH PLEASANTRY

Once the giant tickler is out of
your system
its equipment equivalent will be
brought to you.
Use it for goatseed.

Two solutions:
plagiarizes his own authors. For
shame!
Dopey music all the time.

All those don’t render the house
unresonant.
Do what I can
in this unsuccessful world.

Don’t smile that way.

RAMBLING STATEMENT

You can go out and talk to
someone
or pick at your face,
working through these issues.
Move in with us!

Kitchen police talked about
getting ready,
the way it was intended to be.
Any muscles would have stood out
at that horse.

Tacoburger counseling, all that
spunky food,
the Christmas tree ... Where did
that go?
Pettifoggery, or not? Catalyst
construction
continued about two feet away.
They used it for language
that somebody said once. Don’t
answer it.
Leave things where they are.

Customs, *douane*,
displays of llama-butter, stingy-
pretty.
Your deductible!

He was famous for riding around
town in a black hat.
He suffered a long time ago,
and will love you forever.

THE ENTHUSIASTS

That building has won over
everything.
Here in high school opportunities
are numerous,
but what are they *for*?
You could live like a girl of
thirteen
in a single dream,
quash outside solicitations,
go back to sleep every time.

This is outside, and remiss:
It takes tools to deploy the core of
your dream,
face a common ford others have
crossed too,
on Saratoga waters, now and
again imbibing
notes of lemongrass and coconut.
I told him we don’t get anything
from North Dakota.
Bilingual bullying was on the next
floor.

We had the most beautiful
morning and afternoon. We just
had lunch with
Dean Pavlov’s proxy; the entire
breeze,
right on the tabletop here.
They’re not going to sue their
money,
accident waiting to happen, which
you would need anyway.
Leonard doesn’t take himself for
just anybody.

Ah, ça alors! Mais pas du tout!
A very good guide, no doubt,
bringing up fine images in the
guts of the past.
Occupy it by dint of occupying it.
I was saying that to you when
plotting new frescoes:
It was a comestible kind of love.
Get in and learn something.

Go smack into Mrs. Duvet. The
heart’s buildings—
simply ripping. Half a building up
(and we need many), lock yourself
in
the lugubrious gondola. He was
just standing over there,
talking to them.

I was crossing the state line as
they were reburying the stuff.
You break the time lock, the
bride’s canister ...
but we did say that we’d be back.

DRAMEDY

Things I left on your paper:
One of the craziest episodes that ever overtook me.
Do you like espionage? A watered charm?
My pod cast aside, I'll walk in the human street,
protect the old jib from new miniseries.

I could swear it moved
in incomplete backyards
to endorse the conversation, request to be strapped in.
Then it will be time to take the step
giving fragile responses,
and finally he wrote the day.

It happened in the water
so that was nice.

It comes ready conflated:
vanilla for get lost, flavor of the time
of his sponsor's destiny. Be on that sofa.

THE UNDEFINABLE JOURNEY

Where do you think you're
going to get lines to
punish the stranger with?
Cursing, destiny's piñata;
it's a surprise! (Partly sunny.)

O neat-o friend of mine,
to add a central target to the
mix is not to chase sea
monsters, real or imagined.

You drop the floor.
Small white chicken friends,
like life itself
over time last night ...
And, what have you done with
this one?

THE PIE DISTRICT

This is what we need to do
at a certain point (wait for it,
effendi): examine cheesy
knockoffs
of dubious provenance. Are we
ready to help yet?

Four negatives make a positive. I
even joined city hall.
Waves of attentiveness and
straight A’s followed,
but I was so crestfallen, the ship’s
little
dog seemed to think so. It
hung around impetuously.

They’re the ones to get
somebody to do things, pick up
after him. We’ll see who finishes
soon
in shock.

There was nothing not to like
about
the new self-monitoring system.
Yet strangely,
the pie district voted against it.
I, however, custodian of sang-
froid, made
a 180-degree swivel. The
bandoneon
keeps its goofy elixir
locked in its dark depths.

Thank you, by the way.

I saw the daughter of his king and
illustrator,
Mrs. Walter H. Browne, streaking
past the hedges
sparkling with dew, just as if it
were another time.
Lizzie! Lizzie Browne!, I
stammered. But she took
no notice of me, or the hundred or
so other guests
gathered on the lawn to salute
spring.
This *is* ominous.
And yet, I managed to gasp,
I'll have more of it for breakfast.
Two things that went up and
never
came back. I don't understand.
That must have been about
drinking,
feline intrigue. Can I go to my
doctor now?

The fan kid's still chewing on a
Fifth Avenue bar,
which they may not make
anymore
with or without 'tude.

It’s been three years now …
That’s just it—we don’t know!
Do it the hard way.

And we go out and visit.

DOMANI, DOPODOMANI

Once in a while a message arrives here
from friends we haven't seen in some time.
Family members try to reach us
to ask about old questions. Finally, each of us
has some concern or other.

I can hear the signs breaking up.
To have half-lived in a balloon to Fresno
solves it, at least for now. Different ...
at home. After we've been in town a few days
and may have moved, anywhere but within easy reach,
this is kissing's only surface. Midday suction.
It's savory—let's devour,
or do something about it, rusty at the bottom
before we came to this past.

It was a moment, what can I say.

THE GOOFIAD

Um, it wasn’t my project
to prise them apart.
Pale Jessica had come full circle.
Case in point: She spelled one
application
under presidential law. How it
became
one of the names one can’t recall.

But on the other hand
good old people
watch the convention.
It’s guaranteed,
and not be president.
People had yet to live

and believe your own cameras
which it probably isn’t going to,
picking up the same thing.
    Premium hype,
it’s off-ladle. While out driving in
    my car
repeating both of them,
we’ll pull together and,
kind of interesting
that I heard you fix a lot more
    concentrated ...

It was all anybody could do.
The garter store fell through the
    cracks,
or if there was another way
I didn’t know you were ticklish—
with a little note which said
Sing something subtle and
    insinuating.
Aunts go to jail.
On the facial committee
    equipment,
a woman by the name of Lottie
    Timms.

This is the traditional way not to
    kiss at all.

QUEER SUBTEXT

I’m really not into the past, a zoo.
Really not. Why are you doing that
for me?
Urinal my dreams, it seems. I
could think of something,
the angle of his shirt, perhaps. The
shatterproof screen door ...

Elsewhere in real cities, a few
biographies point,
postulate. The rare setback school
holds.
I saw young, freelancing, orange-
juice-in-the-desert,
mythical ladies of China (another
of those countries)
fallen together. I wouldn’t send
her away.

Don’t get on a train like this
(twisting one of her legs). You’re
very liberal.
(Well, I suppose so. It’s something
I imagined.)

You'd better decide what not to do.

Everything is pop-up, my 3-time advisor said.

He holds my ear. I'll be quite honest with you about it.

A man alive, please welcome him.

Decent New Yorkers said I can't go his way. He ...

Supposedly I'm president! A wretch like me!

I hadn't heard the word.

DICKIE'S BORDER VACATION

Nobody knows whether I should
stay here with you.
The comics became devoted after
his mother died.
Cross mentoring, peer checking,
peer coaching were brought on,
with beans and leftovers. Like
most books, this one puts
a damper on me. On Sundays I
used to populate,

they were running out of steam
but didn’t know it.
Now we like it. My face is too
young. Later, politics
would trample our undeveloped
theses.

Professor, I’m going to set you up again.
Don’t wheeze next time. Railroad elders
would border on the interesting.
What of Lepchek, Spongey, Mr. Johnson? Huntz Hall?
These and others, swept to their doom over the solid-seeming railing, make for clouded sailing ahead. I’m going to start working on it,
or the other. A rumble upstate said, “No, they’re not.
I told them eighty-six hundred times. You got enough feet
to refer to, now, with mixed success. A drop in pressure,
wine and fripperies, is what I can do for you, drab gent.”

Do you want to eat those sunny,
idle cakes?
If I can get a cancellation
to feign grand illness, alas, he likes
to take care of
each other. And I think, I really do
think that
a poultice ... Hey, I’ve been hungry
for two seconds.
You’re staying without a gift. A lot
of liquid
from Latin hands will trickle
down to the strange Oz house
I affirmed to get back out of
business.
Morning glories, poppies ... and
they keep saying they want to
hire. Me? Oh, I saw him
throwing a glass of water
around,
told him not to participate. Whom
did you involve?

The Alps are for women, strictly speaking.
It is definitely possible, in the Slovak station,
to not be too sorry for her or she would be putting up with it.
Well, you don’t want it to. Perhaps no outcome,
but impeccably located, shocking images
in forests of creosote, making an event possible. It’s special-loaded
with mind-chips for the tri-state area. Dirt all election day.

We made so much money this is almost on the house.
It was 1910.

A FOUNTAIN IN THE STREET

A pregnant ant circles the drain.

LARRY FAGIN, “Content Is a Glimpse”

The fountain is dead.
The meadows aren’t open
for reasons best known to themselves,
in case you asked.

The refrigerator on the porch liked it.
So, too, did Mrs. Roosevelt.
Everybody’s been so wonderful—
more access, more experiences.

Fact: the Badger State is composed of ferns
and feathers. Wild rice grows there. The natives
harvest it in boats, banging the stems with poles
so it falls off and covers the floor of the boat.

Gym equipment was
underutilized, as always.
In my notes I had three or four
things I wanted
to draw to your attention, but it
no longer seems
important. I'll go out the way I
came in,
incidentally wishing you and
yours a happy Christmas
while we go visit our parent-kids
versus the people of Missouri
and Raymond Verandah and his
orchestra,
and turn up again. Be that way!

THE UNDESERVING RIVER

The tour we went on was a house,
actually.
Kittens lived behind its
clapboards,
rarely issuing forth for food.
A whole other hierarchy of beings
was established there, who saw
little need
to attend to business, e.g., a
letterhead.

At times around four o’clock a leaf
pile
would get blown by the wind.
Except for that the weather was
mild
especially by comparison with
what we thought
we had already experienced
in harder times, when things were
just so.

SUMMONED TO BEACH SPOT SAYS ACCUSED

The man said you needed a—
and he may have been right.
Here, I'll bring it over.

Skipper takes credit.
Well, let's hope so.
The knotted reply
come clear tomorrow morning.
That didn't seem to be true.

In the white shirt, less than a year
ago,
minute entries blown together
weed house sleep with men
comes after not too bad.

Married folks prefer the
texasburger.
That was in August,
freeway caucuses,
semiofficial, dun dugs.
The man said you needed a

to gain more customers.
Less than a year ago
a giant crab
in the sky above Tokyo
whispers compassion—

I know not what minds have fled,
Eheu!
Short of remembering can you
    rate the coughs?

And some of you are dead.
Violence on the terrain.

Where you headed for?

BY GUESS AND BY GOSH

O awaken with me
the inquiring goodbyes.
Ooh what a messy business
a tangle and a muddle
(and made it seem quite
    interesting).

He ticks them off:
leisure top,
a different ride home,
whispering, in a way,
whispered whiskers,
so many of the things you have to
    share.

But I was getting on,
and that’s what you don’t need.
I’m certainly sorry about scaring
your king,
if indeed that’s what happened to
him.
You get Peanuts and War and
Peace,
some in rags, some in jags, some
in
velvet gown. They want
the other side of the printing
plant.

There were concerns.
Say hi to jock-itch, leadership
principles,
urinary incompetence.
Take that, perfect pitch.
And say a word for the president,
for the scholar magazines, papers,
a streaming.
Then you are interested in poetry.

FLOWERS, RESTORATION

Yes, the great residential palaces,
the porter’s station on Pitz Palu—
it all makes sense. Intentional? Me
    lie here
with bonny complications from
    sometimes,
the kind you wear.
                Her wide
    shoulders were born.

The cleanup effort extended far
beyond today's tousled
landscape.
What good did it do if everybody
was away, on business, mostly
trying out olive oil shampoo? Aye,
true geezers paced
the measured mile, in touch with
my father's
distinguished postal service, a
flight risk
for the several hours it remained
on sale,
their co-producer.
Anybody to
take care of yourself
breathes in the challenge. First
I'm gonna brush my teef.
What happens next is anybody's
mess.
And, I might add, a real treat
knowing you.

BLUEPRINTS AND OTHERS

The man across the street seems
happy,
or pleased. Sometimes a porter
evades the grounds.
After you play a lot with the
military
you are my own best customer.

I’ve done five of that.
Make my Halloween. Ask me not
to say it.
The old man wants to see you—
now.
That’s all right, but find your own.
Do you want to stop using these?

Last winning people told me to sit
on the toilet.
Do not put on others what you can
put on yourself.
How to be in the city my loved one.
Men in underwear … A biography
field
like where we live in the
mountains,

a falling. Yes, I know you have.
Troves of merchandise, you know,
    “boomer buzz.”
Hillbilly sculptures of the outside.
(They won’t see anybody.)

SUPERCOLLIDER

Past the gaga experiments
to ginger high school thriller days
I wheel fragile issues: a fight on there,
bulbous antennae, a herald
carved alone in the archer position—sweet!

We had a few people over to
celebrate the monotony of the new place.
Meatless meat loaf. Roger. Over to

you. I took a piece of plain foolscap,
my American University in Baku stationery,
sole thing to be underestimated here,
and set down just words that wrote something,
probably as close as I want to keep to it,

all the water and stringiness.
It feels like Sunday today
but it’s Saturday. What does
    Saturday feel like
on Sunday? Not that it’s that
hard to remember—I’d always be
    grinning and opened.
No protocol; heck, no manners
on flood watch. She’s one of the
    famed Gowanus sisters.
It hasn’t affected the weather yet.

Do you get a sense of white table
    settings,
the so-called vacant stare that
    afflicts them
as adults on a sit-down strike?

Listen up, tenderfoot. Who says
    you need to be awake
to appreciate poetry? The
    landlady, that’s who.

Where are they now?

SEPARATE HEARINGS

1

We’ll put a hundred million
dollars over the
Brno chair
that I remembered seeing it
after they couldn’t find them
The principle of a lifetime

The oft-embargoed news—
You gonna do it now?
In 1946
these men and all women
First
they won’t see anybody

2

Already attempted, is not gonna
hold you in there
The governor had an issue with it
eating their supplies

RUFFLE THEORY

I’m the wardrobe expert.
Electrocuted! You can’t mean that.
All those years nothing but his
    blond
ticking hair, and vote for him.
    Whomever.
And then we never did hear much
    from him.

He saw Henry Gray
and came up over the road
with money you collected.
Start running around,
otherwise it won’t get done at all.

That’s just right reason, burning
    all the time,
soothing, temporary relief.
Handsome and blue-eyed
is what I’m talking about.
Did we mention sensational?

Any day is yesterday
one of Dad’s geraniums
no more than a foot away
looking sane
and reveal herself just a little bit
had been there for at least nine
    years

hope you haven’t done anything
    outside

For me, those emigrants last,
a bundle of windows.
Kind of grief-stricken, were they?
He was having an emergency,
just what's on this morning.
No word on whether reverse
psychology worked.

THE PRICE OF EGGS

No one remembers Mr. Coffee Nerves,
his lap of beads, allegedly sitting there.

Families with pets, help me with this.
Something may disturb him:
sun’s parody, the price of eggs, raw orange.

Who was that plant from?
She, somewhat evaporated … Would I laugh?
You are not to be concerned about fish.
Extreme ants polished our definition.

In the hooded phase, a second ago.
She may have broken loose
only among the treatises of those
provided for,
and work behind them
for dandies, for a princess,
trained buggers:
*“Up to 13½ million pounds of dry
goods sold.”*

ALL THAT, AND MORE

Suddenly I couldn’t believe
you have to put it back,
must be intelligent,
bring sandwich money,
whether British or American.

We couldn’t get enough cakes in
    our family,
something to make it worthwhile,
    some stance.
You like making amends, isn’t it?
Throw the book at him.

It was nice everywhere else.
A Caribbean shithole
    documentary told him
softly, as in an evening sunset,
into an emotional atmosphere
happy from gay.
They say I hit the neck, thank you,
down under the covers.
If I’d Google …

Put eye drops in
into my personal window, dapper
    Fred said.

He pressed the healed corollary
(this was after all his day away)
with the accuracy of a speed knife
putting and placing on the line again
all foretold by Becky Mushroom,
leaving us walking into afternoon.
It was chaos like that
past our striated feet.

Gimme a break!
No I don’t feel used,
though I have a less than human face.
The usual definition of fun is:
quite comfortable when they are.

When you were happening to him,
Nineteen barrels for five nights a week.

You’ve fallen, roof,
graphite and herbs, having a good time with us.
Deluxe your pilot right now.
Dr. Stinkhandler, this feeling of helplessness:
all that, and more,
all hunched over,
over-egged,
frumpier lamb symptoms.

Then pile it on
like you wouldn’t believe!
The pretty pieces,
a hundred salads,
that led to the eye doctor,
which led to the spa
(dangerous water).

There are four physical engineers
(if you don’t want something expensive on your writing table)
could cauterize a tank,

qualify for the purchase.
We stopped yesterday with some
    pamphlets,
overturned it to his grief.
The story got mentioned.
(Used to have scraps).

WARM REGARDS

i remember today like it was yesterday.

GARRETT CAPLES, “Love Is Made of Sky”

You want to think about it:
Everybody’s frantic but Bob.
A tunnel from under
gave him a folded-up photo of
    Dad.
I’ll get you there
and provide you with the little
    you know
to measure somebody.

I’m not hanging out with you,
generous to a fault.
Buy ’em large, when we talk
about foot sizes.
Somebody said it was about ten.
He didn’t say it didn’t,
and it would be there
for maybe half an hour.
Do you want it?

There’s some type of instructions
in
November last year.
In Nerva Scotia people lost one
every night,
been out there shaking.
Don’t think that you want to get
out.

The young men are building a
boat.
Definitely a freedom container.
That’s what he does.

Ordered some wine.
It was right around here,
replaced by a little kid
come to see what you’re gettin’ at.
We’ll requisition ’em.

There were preconditions.
This is unusual, morphs into
these other things, this modern
age,
a lot of finishing up to do.

THE HONOR ROLL

Jake came lurching toward me.
Was it this month?
No, it was last month.
I see. Then why did I leave the
research open?
As you came along the hall
I thought of a lot of things,
then this day, Valentine's Day,
which it isn't but there are a lot of
big spare pumps around.

A NEW DESIRE

Not so good anymore,
post avant-garde. How's that?
Find anybody still puzzled up.
Your marcelled feet were on the
stage:

If you could save our container
in Pennsylvania in October ...
The fire broke out/declared itself.
We drank the grass, drunken fish,
in servile mode. An antique
something about it.

You'll have to pay for brunch—I'm
too excited.
Milk and carrots from the editor
at
my beloved Sierras!
It passed inspection,
or they'll have found that too:
Fully understand
(gonna close some time,
pudgy rules, hyper airlines,
lifter-upper—a boomlet, so he
said).

There goes another one belies
any significant pores,
and everyone at home, officials
stressed.

Don’t slide down the ones John
says they still aren’t using—
the worst driveway in
western Connecticut.
He’s right—it shouldn’t do
anything,
culprit shoes. Why many have
passed on to the sun.

HOMESCHOOLED

That was never an issue.
That is, it was and it wasn't.

I'm supposed to be angry about
something.
Only you know what it is,
born ahead of time.

Headbangers, all.
You have to have some Elmer's
crayon juice.

Did you want to hang out a little
bit first
at my house
we were just talking about?

The quiet street is flagged.
He gets into everything.

I used to sing a song
he tried a few months ago,
explains Billy.
No, it just happened that way,

the new boxy silhouettes.

I’m in touch with you and I’m not going to let you go.

Stay off that leg.

THE SPONGE OF SLEEP

Why waver? He won’t stab me for
when we sat down widely
    pixillated
between the horizon and the lice.
We’re off to the sea, someone said.
Let’s direct it to us
and our various enjoyment. I hate
    it when
we’re made of snot one
minute, stone so simple the next.
I would think first,
and then we were there,
sooner other than that.

Be one of those on whom nothing
is lost, advises Henry.
Well, OK. I’m awake. No problem
that I can see, unless it’s running
out of raw material,
like his dog Jerry opted out of the
transubstantiation process.
It was ever thus:

Cabochon pluots weighted down
with
ananas en belle vue.
They drank Salada tea
in a statement.
We just gotta keep that stranded
one safe as before,
and getting out of here.
How far is the Old Log Inn?
I’d love to read it.
The woods are sorry for them.
Small rain will land somewhere.

COLORS

You should see through the ride.
At least that is the argument I've been hearing,
a misery at every time of night
including ghost calculus.

Yep what a story.
Keep on the trails
and of course, if you roll it all out right at the start, you've got
leftover motives to account for the window signature.

Maybe even some other decimal system? Who said not to elaborate when there's a surplus
of evidence? Not the man in the moon, surely. Steady compromise.

Been reading *The Hole in the Blanket* by Mr. Completely, already hailed for his seminal *The*
Spot on the Wall. I don't know if you ever tried to.

All this could have been avoided if
we aren’t doing anything.
Serviceberry shot down by
squirrels,
you don’t have to thank
everybody.
The charm of abuse sings in ways
we are not.
Or we can sit and travel, aimless
ceremony.
I paint feet. Summer pants. A
wave of translation
on the apples, like the friendly air
out there.
If they do so, they do so
disproportionately
to his three-year-old brother-in-
law,
who patted the expats in a
purgatorial whisper.
The inside of the crate had
expanded exponentially
from carrying one load of
artichokes.

Telethon, once it starts
we get answers phoned in from all over.
David’s not worried, and if he’s
not worried, nobody else should be either.

Banner with strange device ...

Locker-room privacy. Since many have different opinions,
rob its family member.
Liberty Hall, indeed.

GRAVY FOR THE PRISONERS

I wouldn’t try to capture it
on the page, or in a blog, the inauspicious
leavings of a day. Closer to dream
than the hum of streets, and people
who once walked along them.

Yeah, I know. Know what I’m saying?
The grounds were ultimately too large for the compound.
A tree takes flight, and patterns are coaxed
into recurring on adjacent walls,
out of thin air.
No such titan ever visited
during my days as aedile. Yet wisps
still buttonhole us in random moats:
Was it this you were expecting,
and if not, why not?

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

“Did they mention a shawl?”
NICOLAS HUNDLEY, “Gothic Novel”

For treasonable us
we sold my brotherhood down the
stream.

I’m always surprised at
how green-tempered you are

toward other, frog-related chains
of weeks, or months, or

whatever you call them.
He devoted Christmas day to
finding out

all the news about Mama and
their three puppies.
The foundry was out and would
have to be relit,

nineteen years is enough. It’s not
overcrowded until the day we go
to the farm places’

blank pill.
Silence is everywhere, like silence,

is suspect, she being ...
We'll try to get home

throughout the air.
I don't want to have to speak to
you again

and have to unveil
you called her.

Can't they stay generated?
We're not going to start today

because that is awesome
which in turn stirs up the system
and

we are ready and we're still not
smart.
Put it up a little

to the great cleansing wind,
a gay, fat guest

or getting my train elected.
Can I be a medicine?

The innocence collected now
that's not, interestingly enough,

the easiest way to do it, is
her suit

sent me a bunch of little ...
Let my song fill your heart. It’s

more than I wanted.
I had always wanted to do just the

right thing and fit in with the.
From more dishonest fences
    loomed the percent.

I didn’t have leave to be
the only justice that gets through.

It’s so exhausting being a
medium, especially the 94th
    military one.

Atta bugger ... He belongs in
    passports now
the productivity panel has its
    view.

Undressing her was unfunny
biscuit routine.

His share of the opera
betokens carriages.

Just can’t live anymore.
Always happy to shoot the breeze.

PUSHOVER

Moreover, they'd like to have
at least an important committee.
Whispers should plainly open up.
Next, a tax on everything.

Does that make sense?
It's when your father was formed.
There's the weather and all those
    dogs or something.
Space could only hurt him
or agree with him.

Moving on, to western Coney
    Island,
sprawling temperatures suggest
we apologize for any
    inconvenience.

Or you could chew on it another
    time.

HONESTLY,

we could send you out there
to join the cackle squad,
but hey, that highly accomplished,
thinly regarded equestrian—well
    there was no way
he was going to join the others'
    field trip.
Wouldn't put his head on the
    table.
But here's the thing:

They had owned great dread,
knew of a way to get away from
    here
through ice and smoke
always clutching her fingers, like
    it says
to do.

Once we were passionate about
    the police,
yawned in the teeth of pixels,
but a far rumor blanked us out.
We bathed in moonshine.
Now, experts disagree.
Were we unhappy or sublime?

We’ll have to wait until the next
time
an angel comes rapping at the
door
to rejoice docently.

(I know there’s a way to do this.)

FRONT AND PEARL

This time it set off a lemon
telenovela.
Chickens bolted—bummer!
Just then the buzzer sounded.
No subtle docks ministered to it.

No longer pudgy, all get off free.
It was “a regular rout,” she
encouraged.
Sweet alyssum, you see, just
doesn’t cut it for me.
The Wall Street crash of 1929
hit us both hard.

That would be a fine way to
conduct things,
to bring it here, referring to the
doctor.
The long Hudson Valley flows
along
beside it, the river I mean.

She was the lemon target of
reality.
Here, I'll do the butcher.
Yes, the sun has officially set
until tomorrow.
The cathedral had an unfinished
look to it.

What will you dream of,
two months after we breathed?
I don't know but what he'd
cut us for the longest time.

Glance through your tendonitis
sheaf.
You'll find everything in order
and turn up again.
The nurses are getting nervous.

PSYCHIC BITTERS

Did he describe the blue stripe
again,
unelected governor?
And from trees to hospitals, one
story
perfectly formed suddenly
entered into eternal rest.

They won’t have any additional
waves around the hotel,
who won’t have been here long
enough
because somebody got the idea,
nor would a duck deal with
holiday baking and the like.

A DRUGSTORE IN DULUTH

Rejiggered, shy as I was, after
thinking I’ve won
it came to pass there were no
more attentive gestures.

That may be part of the joke.
Restaurants will reopen,
many buried in the county exit. Be
not beseeched.

Door muscles, an unholy
fragrance borders the faces on
the tree.
An inspector on a leash rinsed the
iconostasis.

From the electric counties
I sent it with his clothes.

O happy gloom! Besotted with
interiors,
Dutch still lifes circle the pole.

SAMBA HÉROÏQUE

You would probably know them
if you were stressed.
You were nice, safe, and strong.

These things get appreciated,
unearned, unfathomed.
But last night he wasn't so happy
about it.
Joining us in a statement is
the former governor, arrested,
asserted, in melted fruition,
to be crisply doomed,
not for a long, long time.

Don't touch this stuff.
It was a debate, unless—
of this, that, and the other.
Drunks in the night, arctic suburb,
party in an igloo.

I exercise seeking a lance
here or there,
like any sauce or syrup.
You would probably know them if you
were stressed. And not be able to know that.
That’s what *you* believe.

POSITION PAPER

This is my outfit.
Government spooks did the rest.
Didn’t you know?
Not really. No one is in a hairier
place,
my flat mountain.

I’m going to have dinner some
night on the ropes.

Bottom line, no one was killed.
That way you retain ownership.
Droopy night brought on by the
old gray mold makers. It was quite
... unexpected.
That’s why I think it’s so
important
the way squat noses learn, and
fast.

Okeydoke, I’ll tell you in maple
shade.
Fast forward to the beginning of
your Christmas present.
I have to turn this down,
to clean his pipes,
or clock, whatever.

That’s a healing dressing
how many years late—
the continuous way to do it. Sorry.
    My dizzy.
Pulled pork sliders clogged the
    glee gate.

No one was killed.

Having a nightgown
under the armpits, darling? Dirt
    and dare
can be forgiven eyeballing the
    toiletry lottery
whose torque proclaims it other.

FORGET WHERE I HEARD IT

With pigeon force the air men
come clattering. It would be sad
if it wasn’t so funny, one swore.

Stay out of the nettles.
Do not live above the shop.
His men may find you there.
Otherwise, as coma says, my
    beans, my peas, my coma
get read into the riot act.

That comes later.

After three decades of futility, you
    have to ask:
Who was this composer?
Was he known for anything else?
Is the mere survival of the notes
    justified,
or do we all survive this way,
    more or less?

CHEAP LEGS

His wives liked him.
To be comfortable in his facial
hair
is as much and as little of a man
as one can ask.

Languid articles you don’t know
where
are what brought us to the party,
exchanged trivial sorrow for one
big one
just as the old man had predicted.
The moon, daubed an
inauspicious hue,
that night, was determined to see
it through,
“make an end run around
darkness,”
someone said.
As long as there
were two
of them, it didn’t matter, or
mattered
in another way, like momentum.

And who’s to say we didn’t
gradually understand
our situation, along with everyone
else’s?
The way a whole city, standing,
radiates glee?

The morning after, that’s who.

exurb. What were you driving at (when you said): Used to joke I’m in the retirement business. The snow is beginning to fall again. I’m wondering whether I should go out. How can you give orders when nobody is listening? A friend and two boys. Here where love was quiet it was possible to think discontinuously of the folds ahead, faith on a tricycle. Only it. Or she got a hole in her dress. It was a million to one it was something bad. The windows rattled as the train swept through at breakfast.

You may want to rethink that decision. Bother the others ... It was right there in his military book. You wood have too oracle snow. You knew that. Everybody did. My dynasty, confessions of a lily from wire. That was a terrible thing to do purely naked. Grovelling conditions apply, not to go all agony aunt on you. You’re not ready for this. No poet is, only you already came. The crane doesn’t know if the weather will return. I don’t want it. I don’t give a shit. Something that would have fell ... the potato orchard with attached oriental kitchen.

They don’t say please in heaven. All business is carried out in the pre-noon hours, leaving time for naps and reflection. This is the kind of life I was supposed to lead. What happened? you ask. Cutie pie went bye bye. Once the hypnotic hour of twelve has struck you are like any other paying guest, waiting for the intoxicating smell of burgers to waft up the stairway. When Doc moved back to our area he noticed the wretched smiles, legacy of our previous god. Who, he wondered, enjoys this kind of ambiance. And sure enough, it was Independence Day. And word went out: It’s the right day but the wrong month. Go back to sleep. And they did (writing in the grass). The Fuller Brush man (clean-jawed) stopped by. See you down there. Lemme know. Just because Scooby Doo thinks you should ...

Dirt officials implied a small little BOMB. And sleep, trying to find them. Now I approve not just initiative A-13 but the whole dumb panoply, Uncle Ralph. Sign me up for festooned. They say she was last seen by a lake, crying.

You knew that. Everybody did.

A SWEET DISORDER

Pardon my sarong. I'll have a
Shirley Temple.
Certainly, sir. Do you want a
cherry with that?
I guess so. It's part of it, isn't it?
Strictly speaking, yes. Some of
them likes it,
others not so much. Well, I'll have
a cherry.
I can be forgiven for not knowing
it's de rigueur.
In my commuter mug, please.
Certainly.

He doesn't even remember me.
It was a nice, beautiful day.
One of your favorite foxtrots was
on,
neckties they used to wear.
You could rely on that.

My gosh, it’s already 7:30.
Are these our containers?
Pardon my past, because, you
know,
it was like all one piece.
It can’t have escaped your escaped
your attention
that I would argue.
How was it supposed to look?
Do I wake or sleep?

Institution's National Portrait Gallery for the catalogue of its 2014–15 exhibition *Face Value: Portraiture in the Age of Abstraction*.

"Homeschooled" first appeared in the program booklet produced for the 2013 Poetry International Festival Rotterdam (Netherlands).

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John Ashbery was born in Rochester, New York, in 1927. He earned degrees from Harvard and Columbia, and went to France as a Fulbright Scholar in 1955, living there for much of the next decade. His many collections of poetry include *Quick Question* (2012), *Planisphere* (2009) and *Notes from the Air: Selected Later Poems* (2007), which was awarded the 2008 International Griffin Poetry Prize. *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror* (1975) won the three major American prizes—the Pulitzer, the National Book Award, and the National Book Critics Circle Award—and an early book, *Some Trees* (1956) was selected by W.H. Auden for the Yale Younger Poets Series. The Library of America published the first volume of his collected poems in 2008. A two-volume set of his collected translations from the French (poetry and prose) was published in 2014. Active in various areas of the arts throughout his career, he has

served as executive editor of *Art News* and as art critic for *New York* magazine and *Newsweek*; he exhibits his collages at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery (New York). He taught for many years at Brooklyn College (CUNY) and Bard College, and in 1989–90 delivered the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters (receiving its Gold Medal for Poetry in 1997) and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was a chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 1988 to 1999. The winner of many prizes and awards, both nationally and internationally, he has received two Guggenheim Fellowships and was a MacArthur Fellow from 1985 to 1990; recently, he received the Medal for Distinguished Contribution to American Letters from the National Book Foundation (2011) and a National Humanities Medal, presented by President Obama at the White House (2012). His work has been translated into more than twenty-five languages. He lives in New York. Additional information is available in the “About John

Ashbery" section of the Ashbery Resource Center's website, a project of The Flow Chart Foundation, www.flowchartfoundation.org/arc.

ALSO BY JOHN ASHBERY

POETRY

Turandot and Other Poems
Some Trees
The Tennis Court Oath
Rivers and Mountains
The Double Dream of Spring
Three Poems
The Vermont Notebook
Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror
Houseboat Days
As We Know
Shadow Train
A Wave
Selected Poems
April Galleons
Flow Chart
Hotel Lautréamont
And the Stars Were Shining
Can You Hear, Bird
Wakefulness
The Mooring of Starting Out: The First Five Books of Poetry
Girls on the Run
Your Name Here
As Umbrellas Follow Rain
Chinese Whispers
Where Shall I Wander
A Worldly Country